

WHEN POLLY TAKES THE AIR.

A little wicker basket rolls
Along the pavement walk,
And at the sight the young and old
Begin to laugh and talk
And wave fair hands and knees throw
And cry "Look here! Look here!"
"This way it comes!"—and all because
Sweet Polly takes the air!

The newboys run and shout with glee
And follow on behind,
The coachman and the footman gaze
As if they had a mind
To do the same—the good old priest
Stands still with solemn stare,
As down the shady avenue
Sweet Polly takes the air!

From every window shines a head
Of clustering golden curls,
And every door grows bright with throng
Of merry boys and girls.
The butler and the maid forget
To work—as on the stair
They peep and pry with curious eyes
When Polly takes the air!

And all the while sweet Polly sits
In dainty gown and hat
And smiles on one she loves best—
Her pretty Maltese cat—
And softly coos when pussy purrs,
Without a thought or care
How all the town turns upside down
When Polly takes the air!
—Nellie Cooke in Youth's Companion.

QUELLING A MUTINY.

"However some skippers gibe anywhere
as all," said the old sailor, "is a mystery to
me, for none of 'em don't know no more
about navigation than I do about prunes,
which ain't much. Talk about 'sweet
little cherubs a-sittin' up aloft,' lookin' out
for sich as these, I think they must have
full grown angels to act as supercargoes,
and navigators once at that."

"I know'd a skipper once as we were
a-goin' from New York to California, and a
chap what know'd him says to him, 'Why,
you don't know how to navigate.' 'No,'
says he, 'I don't, but I guess I'll learn afore
I gets there.' I don't know now whether
he did or not, but he got there anyway.
He'd been captain of a coast schooner and
put down to the cap'n of Virginia, and run
him anywhere onto the coast of America
with a lead line into his hand, and he'd tell
you where he were fast enough, but as for
sich anything with the sun, moon or stars,
his education in that respect had been neg-
lected."

"He took out one of these here jist stock
officers what went out to California in 1848
and 1849 in the first of the gold fever. Ev-
erybody were crazy to go, and a lot of chaps,
a hundred or so, would club together, each
puttin' in so much, and they would buy the
vessel out and put their own traps aboard
of her and start. They generally giv' the
skipper a share of the concern for his ser-
vice, and maybe the mate got the same.
Well, of course a skipper that were good
for anything in them days wouldn't go on no
ship, say as that, and in consequence they
had to pick up anything they could get. Gen-
erally, however, the skippers were smart
enough for to get possession of the vessel
afore arrival—leastwise this here one I'm
takin' on you did anyway."

"If he didn't know anything about naviga-
tion, he were a good sailorman, and that
these here greenhorns what had lived all
their lives on shore found out. When they
got down into the neighborhood of Rio, they
held a meetin' and passed resolutions for to
go in there, and they appointed a committee
for to present these resolutions to the skip-
per. He tells 'em that he were'n't short of
anything, and that he were'n't a-goin' in. Then
they tells him as how he were only their
servant, that they were the owners, and
that he must go in. Then he tells 'em that
they were 'n't owners, and that he
were the captain of that there ship, and
that if they were mutinous he'd put 'em in
irons."

"Then they gits out their shootin' irons—
they all carried revolvers in them days—and
they tells him for to try it on. Then he
turns and calls all hands, and takes the
a-muzzle off of her, blows up and furs the
sails, and to-gallant sails, close reefs top-
sails, hauls the courses, puts the helm a
quake or two down and sends all hands be-
low, tells 'em that the passengers had
taken possession of the vessel by force, and
that heavin' made her safe he had conclud-
ed, as they outnumbered the crew so large-
ly and were so well armed, for to surren-
der rather than to have bloodshed."

"Well, the sailors seen the joke right
away. They know'd that they had the odds
on their side, and they were all right
about it, but they knew'd that this here plan of the old man's
would bring 'em to, and they liked that
better. Well, the old man tells these chaps
that heavin' maintained onto the high seas,
and been too strong for him with his force,
he had concluded for to surrender, and him
and his officers were prisoners, and they
could take the ship into Rio or anywhere
else."

"As the only charts or instruments on
board were the possession of the captain,
and as there wasn't a soul of 'em as know'd
where they was, they would have had a nice
time findin' Rio or anywhere else."

"Well, they tried bloodshed at first, but
the skipper and his mate had their revolv-
ers, and they just told these chaps that
while they would not begin the fight they
were again for to defend themselves, and
as there happened to be one or two lawyers
among this lot they told the rest as how
it wouldn't do; that notwithstanding their
best owners they wasn't nothin' else here
than passengers, and that the law would
consider them as mutineers and nothin'
else if they used any force."

"So, arter 24 hours, they holds another
meetin' and passes some more resolutions as
how they had giv' up the idea of goin' to
Rio and orders the captain for to proceed
on his voyage, and they appointed another
committee for to let the old man know
this. He tells the committee that he will
take charge agin only on conditions that
they shall all sign a paper acknowledgin'
their mutinous conduct and sayin' they are
sorry for it and promise for the rest of the
voyage for to obey all his lawful orders, and
also that they giv' up all their weapons."

"Well, first off, they said they'd see him
—first, and so he laid comfortable and
quiet for two days longer. They tried all
ways for to get some of the sailors for to
take charge, but the men knowed better
than that, and so at last they held another
meetin' and passed some more resolutions
as how the necessity of the case admitted of
no alternative, and so they agreed to the
skipper's terms. That were the last meetin'
they held, and they didn't pass no more
resolutions, but they signed the paper
which one of the lawyers draw'd up, and
they bring all their revolvers and pism'ers
up on the poop afore the captain."

"Then the old man says—I was told this
even by a chap called Curly Jack, as were
aboard of her at the time, and he said how
the old man takes the paper and looks at
the list of revolvers, and he says, 'Gentle-
men, be satisfied.' Then he comes up the
poop, and he says, 'Now you see, I don't
want your revolvers agin, for I don't
want 'em, and I ain't afraid of you here-
after.'"

Billy Tooley, either with or without 'em,
I could have bring you to terms in another
way if I had wanted to, but I thought this
would be the pleasantest for all hands, but
I want you now—all of you—distinctly for
to understand that I can't afford to lose
three days agin on this passage, and if
arter this any of you chaps is mutinous
I'll put a bullet through his head jist as
quick as I'd shoot a cat. And now, Mr.
Jones, call all hands and make sail."

"Well," says Curly, goin' on with the
yarn, "there weren't any more meetin's
and no more resolutions, and one of these
chaps a few days arterward, talkin' about
it in the forecabin, said as how democracy
did well enough for shore use, but out on
blue water it weren't worth a cent."

"I might as well tell you the end of this
jist stock concern, for when you've heard
the end of one you've heard the end of pres-
tly much all of 'em what went out in this
way. This old man, you see, although he
weren't a navigator, were a sailorman and
know'd what he were about, and he chimes
in with one of these lawyer chaps, and no
sooner does the ship git to San Francisco
than they puts some sort of a paper onto
her and throws her into law."

"Well, the chaps what had come out in
her they wanted to go to the diggin's, and
some went off without gittin' anything for
their share, and others took jist what were
offered, and at the end of a couple of weeks
the skipper and the lawyer chap owned the
whole of her. Then the skipper he gits a
small crew into her, and he goes over to the
Sandwich Islands and fetches back a cargo
of onions, potatoes and wimmin, on all of
which he does first rate, that one v'age
makin' him a rich man."

"You wouldn't think, sir, if you seen the
splendid vegetables raised in California, that
they ever had to import any, but I've seen
onions and potatoes sellin' for \$1 a pound,
and as for wimmin they was always high
there. And so you see this here skipper
done well even if he didn't know naviga-
tion."

"I mind once comin' home from Liverpool
in the ship Atlas, and we'd had a head wind
for weeks and bid fair for to make a terri-
ble long passage of it, when one day, jist
arter noon, the moon changed, and the wind
shifted from west to north-west to north-
east. Well, we got all the starboard stuns-
ails set and soon had her a-goin' about
nine knots, which were fast for her, for she
were a full ship and didn't go over and
above fast."

"Well, about six bells in the afternoon
watch we made a brig away to windward
with the British ensign flyin', half mast
and union down. The old man were very
provoked, you may be sure, jist as we had
got this fair wind to have to stop, but there
weren't no help for it, and all hands was
called and the stunsails took in and the
royals and flyin' jib furled, and we braced
up sharp on a wind for to beat up to him."

"Now," says the old man to the mate,
'It's more than likely she is out of provi-
sions, and we mustn't lose a minute more
than we can help of this fair wind. So git
up some bread and beef and pork and have
some water in handy casks ready to go in
the boat. Git both of our boats cleared
away, so as to supply her at once, or if they
want to be took off we can transfer 'em
without delay.' Well, we washes out a
couple of beef barrels clean and fills 'em up
with fresh water. We gits up a couple of
barrels of beef and a couple of pork and
about half a dozen barrels of bread, and we
clear away both quarter boats and selects a
crew for both of 'em. Then we cleave up
the to-gallant sails and hove about on the
port tack and let her lay with the maintop-
sail to the mast."

"The brig all this while had been runnin'
down afore the wind, and soon came down
across our stern, and the old man hailed:
'Brig ahoy! What can I do for you first?'

"There was about a second's pause, and
then come the reply, 'What is your longi-
tude?'

"You ought to have seen our old man's
face jist then. 'Drink less rum and buy a
chronometer,' says he to the English chap,
and then to us: 'Fill away the mainsail!'
Down main tack! Gather aft the slack of
the sheet! Put your helm up! So—steady—
as you go, jist full and by! Steadies now
for stays! Down helm! Hard a-lee! Rise
tacks and sheet! Main to bowline! Main-
sail haul! Haul brace! Fore bowline! Let
go and haul!"

"Well, the minute we got her around we
wiped the muslin onto her and soon had her
trottin' toward Sandy Hook agin with stuns-
ails aloft and aloft, leavin' the Britisher to
find out his longitude from some one better
nattered than our old man."—Exchange.

Lee and His Soldiers.
General Robert E. Lee, the Confederate
commander in the civil war, was almost
idealized by his soldiers. A curious inci-
dent illustrating both the love of the men
and Lee's courtesy toward them is related by
a Confederate veteran.

Not long after the surrender, when ru-
mors were abroad that Lee was likely to be
executed for treason, the general was living
at his home in Richmond. One day a
Confederate soldier in the ragged remnants
of a butternut uniform came up to General
Lee as he sat on the veranda of his house
and saluted very respectfully. The general
saluted in return and asked the man what
he wanted.

"General," said he, "there's 80 more of us
fellows round the corner."

"Indeed! Why don't they come up to the
house?"

"Too ragged, general. They're raggeder'n
me. Now, I'll tell you what we're after,
general. We hear you're to be tried for
treason. Now, we've got a mountain hol-
low 'way up there, where nobody can't get.
There's a right smart of good land in it,
and if you'll come along we'll work the
land for you and take good care of you, and
you shan't never suffer want!"

Lee was much affected. He called the
rest of the ragged veterans into the house,
and while he told them that it would not
be proper for him to hide in the mountains
or to seek to escape in any way from what-
ever might befall him he was very grateful
to them for their offer.

They went sadly back to their mountain
bollow, but soon afterward understood
that they were free to take up the ordinary
employments of life among their fellows
and that none were to die or lose their lib-
erty for their part in the war.—Youth's
Companion.

His Choice of Weapons.
A capital story is told of an honest old
whaler captain who, having given uninten-
tional offense by his bluntness, was chal-
lenged to a duel. At first he stoutly re-
fused to entertain the idea, neither wishing
to injure his opponent nor to be disabled
himself by one who was already notorious
as a duelist. Being pressed, however, he
at length consented, but availing himself
of his right to select the weapons he stag-
gered his insolent opponent by choosing
harpoons at a distance of 50 yards. It is
almost needless to say that, under the cir-
cumstances, the fire entered off and heati-
ly quitted the district.—London Tit-Bits.

To break a needle while making a gar-
ment is a sign that the owner will live to
wear it out.

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THE ENTRIES ARE AS FOLLOWS:—Mascot, 2:04; Hal Pointer, 2:04½; Flying Jib, 2:05½; Guy, 2:06½; Manager, 2:07½; Blue Sign, 2:08½; Robert J., 2:09½; Ontonion, 2:07½; Riley Medium, 2:10½; Tarco, 2:13; Atlantic King, 2:11; Divan, 2:15½.

PROGRAMME:

Monday, September 18, \$6,000 for races. Tuesday, September 19, \$8,000 for races. Wednesday, September 20, \$8,000 for races. Thursday, September 21, \$10,000 for races. Friday, September 22, \$8,000 for races. Saturday, September 23, \$8,000 for races.

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